

THE WINCHESTER HEALTH:

Or, An Excellent New Pleasant Song of his Majesty, his Royal Brother, *James Duke of York*, Prince *George*, the Duke of *Monmouth*, the Duke of *Albemarle*, the Earl of *Craven*, and the rest of the Loyal Peers of these three Nations, of *England*, *Scotland*, and *Ireland*.

To the Tune of, Captain *Digby's Farewel*.

N^o 1047.

Here's a Health to Great *Charles*, our Sovereign King,
Come Loyal Boys fill the Glas to the brim,
Here's a Health to old *James*, and young *Jemmy* too,
Come drink it about, and make no more to do.
Here's a Health to Prince *George*, come fill each man his brimmer,
For he's no good Subject that wont drink a swimmer.
Then let all his Subjects hereafter be kind,
And harbour no more ill thoughts in their mind.

Here's a Health to *Albemarle*, and the Council of State,
And a Health to all those that do not their King hate;
We'll have the other bout as long as we have Chink,
He's a *Whig* or a *Tory*, that wont with us drink.
A Health to old *Craven* I will drink also,
And to the Confusion of all their foes.
Then let all his Subjects, &c.

You Peers of these Nations, pray never Rebel
Against your good King, that ruleth so well;
A Prince that favours his Subjects too much,
Because of that, their malice is such,
That they do hate, and owe him ill will,
And they did seek his Blood for to spill.
Then let all his Subjects, &c.

Great *Charles* is a Prince, and a Monarch indeed,
That doth not desire a Subject to Bleed;
Such a merciful Prince was here never known,
Come drink his Health about every one.
Come let us be Loyal, and drink off our Wine,
Tho Pope and Presbyter should both much repine.
Then let all his Subjects, &c.

Come let us all rejoice here and sing,
God bless Royal *Charles*, our Sovereign King;
And send him long here to Reign in peace,
And that all Plottings may hereafter cease:
We'll love our King, and wish him happy days,
Let us drink to all that daily speak his praise,
But hereafter be wise, and your King do not hate,
And ne're be concern'd with matters of State.

A wiser King in *England* was ne're known,
He ruleth in Peace, makes the Land overflown
With Curs'd Traytors that seek his life for to take,
Which maketh all Loyalists Hearts for to ake.
Here's a Health to all those that ne're thought the King ill,
Nor never did seek the Kings Blood for to spill.
But let all his Subjects, &c.

Farewel Loyal Boys, till the next time we meet;
What is here to pay? Come Drawer let's see't.
Let the *Whigs* and the *Tories* be damn'd if they will,
Because Royal Blood they seek for to spill.
It's time to be gone, and so fare you well,
Let them all Plot, till they Plot into Hell.

But let all his Subjects hereafter be kind,
And harbour no more ill thoughts in their mind.

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